See Diary of a Lover of Literature.
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2.

A

LETTER

TO THE

REV. MR. T. WARTON,

ON

HIS LATE EDITION

OF

MILTON'S

JUVENILE POEMS.

by

Rev.d SAMUEL DARBY. Ipswich. who ma
Jortin's Daugh

LONDON:
Printed for C. BATHURST, in Fleet-street.

M.DCC.LXXXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR,

YOUR Publication of Milton's Juvenile Poems hath very lately fallen into my Hands. On caſting an Eye over it, I found many Things in it to praiſe, and ſome that deſerved no ſmall Cenſure. I immediately conceived an Idea of putting a few of the latter together, and ſending them to you by the Poſt; ſuch of them, I mean, as I thought moſt worthy of your Notice, in the Caſe of a ſecond Edition.

I have ſince changed my Intention, and determined to give them to the Public, for Reaſons which will appear in the Sequel.

As I have not the Honour to know you, I cannot be ſuppoſed to write from any perſonal Reſentment; and if Fame was my Object, I ſhould certainly purſue it in ſome other Path, than that which I have choſen. Anſwerers, as Swift juſtly obſerves, are like Annuals, which grow about a young Tree, and ſeem to vie with it for a Summer; but fall and die with the Leaves in Autumn, and are never heard of more. If this ſhould be the Fate of the Remarks which I here preſent you with, I ſhall reſt perfectly well contented, provided, that when they fall, they

meliorate the Ground a little, and cauſe the young Plant to ſend forth better Shoots the next Year.* To avoid Confuſion, I ſhall range theſe Obſervations under three Heads, and conſider firſt, the Miſtakes, and ſecondly, the Redundancies, cenſurable in your Performance. The third Diviſion will contain Remarks on ſome Errors into which you ſeem to have been betrayed, by Spleen, Prejudice, or Party-Spirit.

I muſt here premiſe, that, although the profeſſed Intention of this Letter be to mark ſuch Paſſages as ſeem to want Correction, I do not mean to preclude myſelf from praiſing any Obſervations which appear to have diſtinguiſhed Merit. You have afforded me an early Opportunity of paying this Tribute, in your Note on —the Viſion of the guarded Mount; where you have given a Meaning, which is pertinent, conſiſtent, and very poetical, to a Paſſage which has always appeared to me unintelligible; and your Explanation, I am confident, can no more be ſhaken than the Rock itſelf. I have been told, that there are ſome ſmall topographical Errors, in the Site of the Mount, &c. but of theſe I am nor ſkilled nor ſtudious, and they do not in the leaſt affect the main Point. Thyer's Note is every way wrong certainly. Ruth means Pity—Sorrow for others, not for ourſelves.

The Note in l. 172, is very good, though more obvious.

* This is at leaſt one juſtifiable Motive for my writing, and others may poſſibly appear in the courſe of this Epiſtle.

V.

V. 176. The paſſive Uſe of *unexpreſſive, inſuppreſſive*, &c. is, both in Shakeſpeare and Milton, I think indefenſible, as it tends to confuſion of Language. I think the ſame of Boreæ *penetrabile* frigus adurat, in Virgil, uſed actively. I muſt now recal your Attention to the 50th Line, *Where were ye, Nymphs*, &c.

In your Note, P. 13th, you have juſtly obſerved, that there is a Propriety in Milton's Subſtitution of the Dee, &c. not obvious to every Reader.—Anapus, Acis, and Mount Etna were the Haunts, or the Habitation of Daphnis. The Mountains of Denbigh, Mona's ſhaggy Top, and the Dee, were in the Neighbourhood of the Iriſh Sea, where Lycidas was loſt. And the Propriety of the Invocation depends on this Circumſtance. They are called upon under a momentary Deluſion, for their Aſſiſtance. You have miſtaken Theocritus, in adding *the Vales of Peneus*, which Miſtake muſt be owing to quoting in a Hurry, and perhaps from Memory. If you *did* caſt an Eye upon the Paſſage, a Blunder in the Schol. on V. 67, might miſlead you, where for Σικελιας we ſhould certainly read θετταλιας. That this is the Blunder of ſome Printer, or Copier, is manifeſt from the reſt of the Note. Virgil and Milton have agreed to omit the Line, η καλα Πηνειω καλα Τεμπεα, η καλα Πινδω, and have contented themſelves with a general Enquiry—*Where they were*, and a particular Deſignation of the Places *where they ought to have been*. It is

wonderful, that no Commentator, as far as I can find, on Virgil, hath obſerved, that he hath done this after Theocritus with that Propriety which is ſo eſſential to the Beauty of this Paſſage. Yet the Scholiaſt on Theocritus had led the Way, and told us that Daphnis εν Σικελια ην ὁτε τα λοισθια επνεεν. It may be worth while to explain this Matter a little.

The Scene of the tenth Eclogue opens in Arcadia, where Daphnis appears repoſing himſelf at the Foot of a Rock, in a languiſhing Poſture, and weeping, with his Flock feeding round him. In this Situation he is viſited by the neighbouring Shepherds, and by the Deities, Inhabitants of the Country. The Nymphs, who did not appear, were not, it is ſaid, on Parnaſſus, or Pindus, or by the Side of the Aonian Aganippe. There is ſome Confuſion, I know, in the poetical Geography of theſe Places. Two of them, at leaſt, were on the North Side of the Iſthmus; and the third (Pindus) if we believe the Scholiaſt, on both Sides, in Theſſaly and Arcadia. Virgil's Uſe of them will be beſt explained by himſelf in the ſixth Eclogue,

Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
Aonas in Montes ut duxerit una Sororum, &c.

Here we are informed, that Gallus, wandering on the Banks of Permeſſus (near the Fountain Aganippe,) was introduced by one of the Muſes to an Aſſembly of Poets on the Aonian Mountains; that, on his Entrance, the whole Company roſe up

to receive him; that Linus, wearing a Crown of Parſley, (afterwards ſo diſhonourably placed on the Brows of Nero) preſented him in form with the old Pipe which they had formerly beſtowed on Heſiod, and deſired him to celebrate the Origin of the Grynæan Grove, ſacred to Phœbus; meaning, as we are told by Servius, the Poems of Euphorion, which he tranſlated, and to which he alludes in the tenth Eclogue:

Ibo & Chalcidico quæ ſunt mihi condita verſu
Carmina, paſtoris Siculi modulabor avenâ.

They inforce this Requeſt, by the moſt polite and flattering of all Arguments,

Ne quis ſit lucus, quo ſe plus jactet Apollo.

The Remarks of the learned Jeſuit Catrou, on this Occaſion, appear to me rather ingenious than ſolid. Let us hazard a Conjecture, that this delicate Compliment of Virgil to his Friend and Patron was founded on a Fact; that Gallus, who was himſelf a Poet, and a Man of Learning, and who ſerved in the Eaſt, had viſited Greece, and received literary Honours there. No one will wonder, either that a Poet ſhould be fond of Praiſe, or that the Grecians ſhould be ready to flatter the Favourite of Auguſtus. We know how eager Petrarch was to receive from Rome, in her State of Weakneſs and Dotage, thoſe Marks of Diſtinction, which ſhe might have been proud to beſtow upon him in the Days of her Youth and Proſperity. Of the

Prone-

Proneneſs of the Greeks to Flattery there needs no other Proof than their Behaviour to Nero ſoon after; though, perhaps, in this Inſtance, they were not ſo properly Objects of our Cenſure as of our Pity. Whether, however, the Appearance of Gallus in this Neighbourhood were real, or merely poetical, all the Propriety and Beauty of the Obſervation depends upon the Scene being laid there. Lord Lyttelton did not advert to this Circumſtance in his Monody. See St. 7. 8. Nor Mr. Pope, Paſt. II. v. 23.

Milton underſtood it well, and has much improved on his Maſters, by making it the Foundation of that beautiful Apoſtrophe,

——Ah me! I fondly dream.——
Had ye been there——

(for ſo you rightly read the Paſſage,) and by taking Occaſion thence to introduce obliquely the higheſt Compliment to his Friend, in the Compariſon of his Fate with that of Orpheus, who, like him, ſuffered a violent Death, and was buried in the Waves. For your Reading, ſee Cic. de Oratore, l. 3. lviii. Aliud miſeratio ac mæror; flexibile, plenum, INTERRUPTUM.—

P. 14. n. "Down the *ſwift* Hebrus," &c. "Servius blames Virgil—Nam quietiſſimus eſt, "etiam cum per hyemem creſcit." I cannot find this in Servius on the Place. He only ſays, —Multum autem epitheton fluminis ejus (i. e. Harpalyces) addidit laudi. Catrou calls it, Un fleuve de Thrace, d'une grande rapidité, which

is

is very probable. Aſcenſius had ſtyled it fluvium Thraciæ rapidiſſimum.

Page 55. " Towred Cities pleaſe us then,"

" *Then*, that is, at Night." An odd Time, ſurely, for TOWRED Cities to pleaſe, when they cannot be ſeen. It is not Milton's wont to throw about his Epithets thus at Random. I remember, indeed, a Party of young Students from the Univerſity, who ſkaited down the River to Ely, and arriving there late, would view the Cathedral by a Candle and Lantern. But the Fact is rather ſingular; and it may be ſaid in their Excuſe, that they were educated—juncoſi ad littora Cami. THEN ſerves only, I apprehend, to ſhift the Scene from the Country to the Town. The Deſcription of the Morning is inimitable; and Milton muſt have been a very early riſer, as well as an excellent Poet, to mark its progreſſive Beauties ſo diſtinctly and minutely as he has done. The Lark, ſtartling the dull Night, with his Song,—the dappled Dawn,—the Cock with lively Din ſcattering the *Rear* of Darkneſs, and ſtrutting out before his Dames, the Poet ſtealing forth to take his Walk by hedge-row Elms, or Hillocks green, to meet the Sun (as Gray expreſſes it)—at his Eaſtern Gate,—robed in Flames of Amber, the Clouds dight in a thouſand Colours, (forgive his Liveries,) The Plowman, the Milkmaid, the Mower, the Shepherd, all with their proper Attributes,—the Eye catching new Pleaſures, as the Sun advances,—the Diſcovery of the Lawns, Fallows, nibbling Flocks, Clouds reſt-

reſting on the Breaſt of the Mountains, Meadows, Rivers, Towers and Battlements, boſomed high in tufted Trees, form in the whole a Picture which is unequalled, and would give new Force and Spirit to the glowing Pencil of Rubens. I think the Words v. 67—Every Shepherd *tells his Tale*, are well explained, as in this Interpretation (which I own is new to me) the Time is preciſely marked. The Deſcription of the Day is carried on with the ſame Spirit, and the Evening cloſes with a Diſplay of rural Amuſements, and rural Superſtition. We are then carried to Town, amidſt the buſy Hum of Men. We are not to expect here the ſame Entertainment we met with in the Country. There is, however, a Day-piece, and a Night-piece; and the Evening is paſſed in a Manner moſt agreeable to a Man of Taſte and Reflection, with Johnſon and Shakeſpear, or in hearing ſoft Lydian Airs, married to immortal Verſe. It is hardly poſſible to read this, without *imagining* he had heard Dryden's Ode, ſet by Handel.

Page 163 and 297. Kirtle, in the old Saxon Cyrtel, and in barbarous Latin Curtella—means, I believe, a *ſhort* Surcoat, and was common, as the Word Jacket is, to both Sexes. It took it's Name from its ſhortneſs; or rather from its being ſhortned. Thus, a Curtel-Ax, i. e. an Ax made ſhort for Carriage, a Curtal Dog ſince corrupted (as Dr. Johnſon rightly obſerves) into

a cur-

a Cur-tail'd Dog; a Curtal Horſe, ſometimes called ſimply Curtal, as we call Crop,—*I'd give bay Curtal and his Furniture*, in As you Like it.

Curtal is uſed in the ſame Senſe by Fletcher. *Coxcombe.*

If this be true, Roſalind and Locrine might both wear Curtel Axes.

P. 169. What Time the labour'd Ox
In his looſe Traces from the Furrow came, &c.

N. "The Return of Oxen or Horſes from the "Plough is not a natural Circumſtance of an "Engliſh Evening. In England the Plough-"man always quits his Work at Noon. Milton "and Gray painted from Books, &c."

An excellent Writer, who ſeems to have conſidered *clear and diſtinct Ideas*, as the only Foundation of juſt Criticiſm, has arranged his Marks of Imitation in the *Matter* under the following Heads; transferring, 1. The local Peculiarities of Nature, 2, The Genius of the People, 3, Their Tenets, or Opinions, 4, Their Rites, Cuſtoms, and Manners, from one Nation to another. Of theſe Marks, the firſt is the moſt certain and permanent; in the Application of the two laſt, (which may be put together,) much regard ſhould be had to Time and other Circumſtances, or we ſhall fall into the Error of the honeſt Hibernian, who, travelling through an unknown Part of the Country, minuted down in his Pocket-book a Cow, which he ſaw feed-

ing at a Hayſtack, as a Mark, by which to direct his Return, the next Summer. You have certainly been ill informed on the Subject of this Note. The Engliſh Ploughman never quits his *Day's* Work at Noon.

It was formerly, and I believe in Milton's Time, the general Practice, to reſt at Noon, for two, or in the Summer for three Hours, and then reſume the Plough till Evening, leaving juſt Day-light enough to look after the Horſes. This Cuſtom I well remember to have prevailed in the incloſed Countries. The other Practice of a ſhort Repaſt at Noon in the Field, with the Horſes tied under a Tree, which they call *going one Journey*, began in the Fielding, and has ſpread greatly within my Knowledge.

P. 224. You are but young yet. N. "This "was too perſonal." A Quality of which all created Beings are or have been poſſeſſed, cannot be *particular or perſonal*.

P. 225. I hate when Vice can bolt her Arguments.

N. But I ne cannat boulte it to the Brenne. Chaucer.

This Word, I believe, is uſually ſpelt boulte, as I have ſpelt it from Chaucer, or boult. But what *ſifting* of Arguments can there be here, when—Virtue has no Tongue to check her Pride. Bolt, you elſewhere obſerve, is the Arrow of

Croſs-

Croſs-bow; and to bolt, is to ſhoot or dart her Arguments againſt Heaven.

P. 229. "Againſt the Canon Laws of our "Foundation." You have here diſcovered a concealed Ridicule which I cannot yet comprehend. Canon-laws are the leading, principal Laws of a Society.

P. 237. The looſe Train of thy Amber-dropping Hair.

N. "Amber, when applied to Water, means "Clearneſs; when to Hair a bright Yellow." To my Aſtoniſhment, I have found that you are not ſingular in this Obſervation. Dr. Newton, whom you do not mention, has gone before you in it. See N. on Par. L. B. III. p. 359.

"As to his calling it an Amber Stream, it is "only on Account of its Clearneſs and Tranſpa-"rency, and not at all on account of its Colour, "that he compares it to Amber." Then follow two Quotations, not worth repeating, from Callimachus and Virgil. To all which I ſhall only ſay that, although it be the genuine Praiſe of good Ale, *that it is clear as Amber*, I verily believe, this Phraſe has not, ſince the Creation, been applied to Syrup of Violets, to a Cup of fair Water, a Glaſs of Burgundy, or a Dram of green Uſquebaugh.

N. p. 245. "See Jortin's learned Note. "Who yet has forgot to cite Euſtathius on "Dionyſius. All Jortin's Proofs, and, more, "are to be ſeen in Briſſonius." I believe

there may be more Proofs in Briſſonius, (who has reconſidered the Subject in another Place) than in Jortin. To the teſt I anſwer, 1ſt. That it is *probable*, Jortin's Proofs were drawn from the original Authors, as he has not mentioned Briſſonius. Of this, thoſe who knew him can beſt judge. 2dly. That it is *certain*, the two laſt Authors quoted by Jortin are *Dionyſius Periegetes* and *Euſtathius*.

P. 341. n. "By the Epithet *ſad*, Milton de-"nominates the *pathetic* Character of Euripides." I do not apprehend it was the Deſign of Milton to call Euripides a *ſad* Poet, or a *pathetic* Poet, but the Poet of the *ſad* Electra, who gives her-ſelf, repeatedly, this Name in the Play. Οικτρα, ταλαινα; κ. λ. nay ſhe tells us, all the City be-ſtowed the ſame Title on her.—κικλησκουσι δε μ' αθλιαν Ηλεκτραν πολιται.

P. 455. Flammeus at ſignum, &c. 33. "I "preſume, he means *five* Years. Young there-"fore went Abroad, when Milton was about "Thirteen. An. 1621."

This Conſtruction may be of Service in clear-ing up an Impropriety, which ſome ſevere Critics have found in the Behaviour of Hamlet. The Tragedy there introduced, opens thus,—

Full thirty Times hath Phœbus' Car gone round
Neptune's ſalt Waſh, and Tellus' orbed Ground;
And thirty Dozen Moons with borrow'd Sheen
About the World have twelve Times Thirty been,
Since

Since Love our Hearts, and Hymen did our Hands
Unite, &c.

Now, according to this major Computus, which you have adopted, we have here a Period of ſixty Years. Half of them, indeed, are Lunar Years, conſiſting of 354 Days only: deducting therefore three hundred and thirty Days, we have a Remainder of fifty-nine Solar Years, and more. What I would obſerve is, that as the Queen of this Tragedy was the Prototype of Gertrude, who may be ſuppoſed to reſemble her in Years, as well as other Circumſtances, this Conſtruction may tend to *excuſe*, though it cannot *juſtifie*, the Conduct of Hamlet, who tells his Mother that *at her Age, the Hey-day in the Blood is tame, is humble, and waits upon the Judgement*; in other Words, that ſhe was growing an old Woman;—which, after near ſixty Years Cohabitation with his Father, was not, we may preſume, very far from Truth.—But how will *viderat* agree with *induxit, ſparſiſti, abſtulit?* I conjectured, ſacrificing Quantity to Grammar, that it might be *vidit*, and I find it ſo in Tonſon's Ed. 8vo. 1705.

Let us then try once more, and upon a ſmaller Scale. Two Facts, eſtabliſhed by you, are, that Milton wrote, in Proſe, to Young, Mar. 26, 1625, and that Young was at Home again in July, 1628. This Epiſtle in Verſe was written before the Letter in Proſe, which probably accompanied it, for he ſays, non ſatis—habuiſſe me exiſtimavi, niſi aliud *inſuper* ſoluto ſtylo exaraſſem;

araſſem; we may ſuppoſe then, that Young went over in February, 1623. There had paſſed, in this Interval of two Years and one Month, three vernal Equinoxes, two Springs, and two Winters. I know of nothing againſt this, but that Milton ſays, Quod autem pluſquam *triennio* nunquam ad te ſcripſeram, which, we muſt therefore ſay was the Miſtake of the Printer or Copier for biennio. Verſantem veri Biblia ſacra Dei, in this Epiſtle, is an oblique Notice of Young's Preſent of a Hebrew Bible. See the Proſe Letter.

P. 461. v. 124. *Et* tu, (quod ſupereſt miſeris) N. "*At*, the true Reading." As you have condeſcended to interfere in Diſputes of AT, and ET, give me Leave to intercede for the latter that he may retain his Place. Whoever underſtands the Original can want no Information on this Head: the Inſtances are manifeſtly *ſimilar*, not *oppoſed*. Let the Engliſh Reader ſuppoſe that in Mr. Pope's Epiſtle,—*And* you, great Cobham, &c. It was propoſed to read,—*But* you, great Cobham—The Caſes are parallel.

Ibid. v. 125. n. "he was rewarded with Ap-"pointments of *Opulence* and *Honour*." The Maſterſhip of Jeſ. Col. Cam. was an Appointment of Honour, to which, from his Merit, he appears to have had a fair Title, and which might be, at that Time, worth about Forty Pounds a Year; and the *opulent* Vicarage of Stowmarket was of nearly equal Value.

P. 581,

P. 581. n. "*Quam* manus attulit—Dr. New-" ton reads *quam*, but the true Reading is *quem*," i. e. quem librum." That is, quem *librum* attulit poetæ manus,—Dum vagus—Read it over again, and it is not poſſible we ſhould differ in the Opinion that it muſt and can be only quam, i. e. munditiem.

V. 591. The Appendix of three Pages I venture to range under this Article, as I imagine it muſt be placed here by MISTAKE. It begins thus,

Three merrie Men—and three merrie Men,
And three merrie Men be wee:
I in the Wood, and thou on the Ground,
And Jacke ſleeps in the Tree.

Theſe Lines, you will agree, are not entirely in Milton's *beſt* Manner. Indeed, whether the Plan of Comus was taken from Jacke within the Tree, or from the more renowned Jacke Τιγανλοκλονος, is not, I think, a Matter in which we are ſo deeply intereſted, but that it may be ſafely left to the impartial Deciſion of Poſterity.

There are alſo ſeveral merrie Fancies of *Chop Cherrie, Chop Cherrie ripe,* and *waſh my Face, and comb my Head, and lay me down ſoftly,* or, as ſome read, *ſmoothly*; from which I will not deny that I have *formerly* received much Pleaſure; yet I ſhould be better pleaſed, I confeſs, to ſee them in a ſeparate Publication, than, as making any Part of a claſſical Edition of Milton.

Thus

Thus much for your Miſtakes; at leaſt for the principal of thoſe which occurred to me on a curſory Peruſal of your Book. I have done you no Injury, by Deſign, in this Enquiry; and, I hope, none by Accident.

I am now to ſpeak of your Redundancies. The Difficulty here, I am ſenſible, will lie, not in the Search, but in the Selection. One knows not, in this Profuſion of Flowers, *ni que laiſſer, ni que choiſir.* I conſider myſelf, as in the Caſe of a Gardener, who is ſometimes obliged to cut his Way into an overgrown Arbour, with his deſperate Hook, through Groves of Jeſſamine, Sweet-briar and Honey-ſuckle. When the Images preſented to us are not only beautiful, but new; or when there is ſomething ingenious and uncommon in the Combination or Application of them to the Subject, it is often a pleaſing Taſk both to the Critic and to the Reader, to trace the Steps of the Author; to enquire at what Fires his Imagination was kindled; *where* he borrowed his Ideas, and *how* he has improved them. Directions for the Purpoſe of facilitating our Search here, have been laid down with great Judgment and Penetration by a Critic with whoſe Writings you ſeem not unacquainted. But when the Deſign of "explaining the Au-" thor's Alluſions, and pointing out his Imita-" tions," is carried to an unreaſonable Length; when Epithets or Images, not unuſual among good Writers, are piled on each other, without Count or Meaſure; — the Book indeed will be

ſwelled

ſwelled to an enormous Size; the Bookſeller, like the Sea, may ſtill call out, "It is not "enough;" but, believe me, the Reader will be ſomewhat more than ſatiated.

I ſhall not detain you very long on this Head. To enumerate all the Inſtances I meet with of this Mode of criticiſing, would be to tranſcribe too large a Part of your Work. I ſhall juſt name a few, without much Regard to the Order in which they ſtand.

P. 9. l. 45. As killing as the Canker to the Roſe.

n. "Shakeſpeare is fond of this Image."

Shakeſpear is indeed fond of this Image, and has made a charming Uſe of it in a Paſſage which I do not find quoted in this Place.—

She let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Feed on her Damaſk Cheek.

But to atone for this Omiſſion, we have here a round Dozen of Cankers, which might be ſhewn to good Advantage, perhaps, in Sir Aſhton Lever's Muſæum, but which ſeem to have little to do in this Note, as the Alluſion muſt be already familiar to every Engliſh Ear.

P. 237. l. 862. The looſe Train of thy Amber-dropping Hair.

I have already commented on this Paſſage. But as it comes in my Way again, I cannot forbear aſking, whether, if Sabrina had wept on this Occaſion, her Tears would have been Tears

of Amber? Hamlet has ſaid ſomething like this of Polonius. But it needs no Explanation. Milton, like Raphael, painted from the Antients, and from Nature. A clear tranſparent Stream, rolling over a fine yellow Sand, ſuggeſts the Idea of Amber. Deep Waters, where no Bottom is to be ſeen, however clear, preſent a different Image, as in this Poem, l. 928.

Summer Drouth, or ſinged Air
Never ſcorch thy Treſſes fair, i. e. Thy Amber Locks.
Nor wet October's torrent Flood
Thy *molten Chryſtal* fill with Mud.

In the Paſſage before us, two Pages are taken up in enumerating and regiſtring the Places in which Amber is ſpoken of by Drayton, Johnſon, &c. together with repeated and honourable Mention of Ambergris, and a Confeſſion that it is not to be found in "a noble boke of the "feſtes Ryall, and the boke of cokery for a "pryncys houſholde, &c. printed by Pynſon, "1500. 4to."

P. 256. There is ſcarce any claſſical Image more frequent than that of *golden Fruit*, from Pindar down to Cowley's

Golden Fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple Kiſs.

You might have added to the Inſtances here given, the Fragment of Pindar from Plutarch, και λιβανω σκιερον, και χρυσοκαρποισι βεβριθε. though, per-

perhaps, after all, the Engliſh Reader might have been contented with our golden Pippins.'

Again, p. 85. l. 153. To arched Walks—

and ſoon after,

L. 141. Hide me from Day's gariſh Eye—

Where we have at leaſt half a Dozen *Arches*, and ten or more *Eyes*.

The ſame may be ſaid of *Canopies*, in p. 198. p. 253. Such common Words as *tripping* and *mincing* are illuſtrated by a Profuſion of Quotations, and in the Note, p. 224. on

Drops that from my Fountain *pure*
I have kept of precious *Cure*,

five or ſix Changes are rung on theſe ſimple Rhimes, to the great Emolument of the Reader. Such Notes as theſe remind us of the Obſervations of Scriblerus on a Line in the Dunciad—

The rapid Waters in their Paſſage glow,

which is indeed more ſparing in Quotations than ſome of them, but equally inſtructive. You will not ſuſpect me, after what I have ſaid, of any Deſign to flatter you. Give me leave to add, that I have as little Intention to hurt you; and that if I had any ſuch Intention, Flattery would, on this Occaſion, be the greateſt Injury I could offer you. If what is here ſaid be falſe, or trifling, it will ſink of courſe. If there be any Truth or Weight in theſe Notes, they may

be of Service in a future Edition. Beſides; your Friends have intimated ſomething about an Edition of the Remainder of Milton's Poetical Works. Mr. Maty has informed the Public of this Deſign in his Review, and the other Day I ſaw it announced in Form, in a News-paper, and, as was intimated, under the Sanction of a Royal Command. It cannot be, in any Light, a Matter of Indifference to you, whether this be done well or ill; and whoever contributes, (though it ſhould be a little at the Expence of your preſent Reputation for Exactneſs and Care,) towards rendering that Edition more worthy of you, and of the Public, will be intitled to your Forgiveneſs, at leaſt, if not your Thanks. I am aware that it may be ſaid, "if this were my "chief Deſign in theſe Strictures, why might it "not have been ſignified to you by private Ad-"vertiſement?"

I have already in ſome Degree pledged myſelf to anſwer this Objection. My Anſwer is, that I really did think of putting theſe Obſervations together, and ſending them, with a few more, to you by a private Letter; but was prevented from taking this Step, by Conſiderations of a moral Nature. There are in this large Town many Ladies, and perhaps, ſome Gentlemen, who may read Milton with a juſt Taſte, and Reliſh of his Beauties, ſo far as they underſtand them; but who may want that general Knowledge of claſſical Antiquity which ſeems neceſſary, if we would form a right Judgment of the moſt

moſt learned, perhaps, of our Engliſh Poets. When we ſpeak of *the Public*, we include under that Title a greater Number of Perſons of this Deſcription, I believe, than is uſually imagined. Such Readers are apt to pay great Deference, as it is reaſonable they ſhould, to the Authority of a Writer of eſtabliſhed Reputation for Parts and Learning. It may be uſeful, however, ſometimes to caution them, that they be not miſled by their high Opinion of any Man, ſo far as to imbibe his Spleen, to adopt his Prejudices, or to reſign themſelves blindly to the Guidance of his Party-Spirit. It is very natural, I had almoſt ſaid neceſſary, for an Editor to find Faults in his elder Brother who has gone before him in the ſame Work. If he ſhould allow him Merit, the Queſtion is ſo obvious to every Reader, "Why then another Edition?" That depreſſing him in the public Eſtimation, may be conſidered as merely Self-Defence.

Dr. Newton, was not, perhaps, a Critic of the firſt Claſs; but he was a Man of Learning, and appears not to have wanted Candour. He is ſeldom quoted here, but in order to detect his Errors; and in that Office great Care is requiſite we ourſelves be not miſtaken.

This may poſſibly be retorted on the Writer of the preſent Letter: it is Truth, however, and he muſt abide the Conſequence.

P. 47. Where the nibling Flocks do ſtray.

"Dr.

" Dr. Newton remarks, that ſtray is not in the " Senſe of wander," &c. He obſerves, that *ſtray* is not in the Senſe of *wander*, *go aſtray*, but of *feed at large*, and the Remark is *juſt* and *intelligible*.

P. 297. Or wert thou [*Mercy*] that ſweet ſmiling Youth?

" Dr. Newton has omitted the Name of the " Author of this Conjecture, and gives the " Reaſons for it *as his own*. Dr. Newton's Words are, " others have propoſed to fill up " the Verſe thus," &c. The Words which follow are manifeſtly, in all candid Conſtruction, *the Words of others, and not his own*. After this Inſtance of *Severity*, to ſay no worſe of it, I was ſurpriſed to find the Note in Lycidas on the Ax of Reformation, &c. taken chiefly from Dr. Newton, without the leaſt Acknowledgment. The Diſcoverer of the Prophecy on Archbiſhop Laud, was Biſhop Pearce; Dr. Newton tells us ſo expreſsly: but his Succeſſor has been ſilent on that Point, and gives us juſt Cauſe to believe the Obſervation, as I did, entirely his own. The good Biſhop might fairly have aſked on this Occaſion, Thou that preacheſt, a Man ſhould not ſteal, doſt thou ſteal?

I have, I know not how, entertained a Suſpicion, that the Words, *ſteal* and *pilfer*, though we are apt to deal them about very liberally to others, have but a jarring diſagreeable Sound when applied to a Man's own private Perſon, whether

whether they reſpect his moral, or (what ſome are as loth to part with) his literary Reputation. Mr. Pope certainly, when he called Philips,

—The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,—

meant to ſtigmatiſe him as a Plagiary; and to juſtify a Puniſhment of this kind, it is neceſſary that the Theft ſhould be *certain*, and that it ſhould be of *conſiderable Value*. You have whipped Mr. Pope, for an extream Petit Larceny indeed, in your Preface, and the Operation is repeated in your Note, P. 185.

It will be neceſſary to mention the Heads of the Indictment.

" My Brother remembers to have heard my " Father ſay, that when he once mentioned this " to Mr. Digby—Mr. Digby expreſſed much " ſurpriſe—went Home—aſked Mr. Pope— " Mr. Pope *availed* himſelf, &c."

The Form of this Charge ſeems to have been *borrowed*, (for I will uſe no harſher Expreſſion) from Brother Peter, in the Tale of a Tub. " Brothers, ſaid Peter, you may remember, " that once, when we were Boys, we heard a " Fellow ſay, that he heard my Father's Man " ſay, that he heard my Father ſay, that he " would adviſe his Sons to wear Gold Lace on " their Coats, &c." The Perſons are indeed reſpectable; but what is the Story? A hearſay Tale, paſſing through three or four Hands, and ending in nothing. For when once Mr. Digby has communicated his Intelligence to Mr. Pope,

the

the Evidence is cloſed. What remains, is nothing more than bare Conjecture; and we may believe as much of it as we chuſe. It is certain, that Tonſon's elegant Octavo came out in 1705; and probable that Mr. Pope's Epiſtle was written much later.* But, to proceed; the Gold Lace which Mr. Pope had thus pilfered for the Trimmings of Eloiſa's Robe is confeſſed to have ſat handſomely upon her; and after all, "the Theft was ſo ſlight, as hardly to deſerve "the Name." Or, to uſe your own Metaphor, if "he ſprinkled Eloiſa with Epithets and "Phraſes, pilfered from Comus and the Pen-"ſeroſo," only three or four Drops, at moſt, fell upon her Veſt; but they were of ſo high a Perfume, that they enriched the Air all around them, and could not eſcape the Sagacity of the ſtaunch Critic; who, when once he has a Poet in the Wind, ſeldom quits the Chace, till he has ſeized his Prey, but follows it

—Trans Gargara, tranſq; ſonantem
Aſcanium: ſuperat montes & flumina tranat.

Dr. J. Warton tells us, that the Expreſſions alluded to, were firſt uſed "in the ſmaller Poems "of Milton, *which Pope, had juſt perhaps, been "reading.*" And, ſurely, the whole Matter had

* From Ruffhead's Account, about the Year 1709, or 10, for he tells us, Mr. Pope "wrote, *ſoon after*, his Temple of "Fame, which he kept by him two Years before it was pub-"liſhed, and then ſent it to Mr. Steele," whoſe Anſwer is "dated Nov. 10, 1712.

better

better ended with this modeſt and judicious Intimation, given above twenty Years ago.

If I was diſguſted by the Petulance of this Attack on Mr. Pope, I was no leſs ſurpriſed at the Attempt to depreciate the Character of Mr. Addiſon. My Surpriſe aroſe chiefly from this Circumſtance, that the Foundation of his Diſgrace is laid in an Obſervation made, and acknowledged to be made, by him with the utmoſt Truth and Propriety. In a Spectator, written on Mirth, he quotes ſome Lines from the Allegro, and adds that the Band of Euphroſyne is finely deſcribed. "This, you ſay, although *from ſo favourite a Writer, and ſo elegant a Critic*, was "probably *premature*, and, I *ſuſpect*, contributed "but *little* to make the Poem *much* better "known." This Sentence is too well guarded, to fear the Aſſaults of Criticiſm. The Victim is here brought forth, and, as is uſual before a Sacrifice, beſprinkled with a few choice Words and *flowery* Epithets. But, *the huge two-handed Weapon is at the Door.*

"I will venture to pronounce, that, although "the Citation immediately reſulted from the "Subject of Addiſon's Paper, he thought it the "fineſt Groupe or Deſcription either in this "Piece, or it's Companion, the Penſeroſo." In the former Sentence, when a *Fact* is in Queſtion, you heſitate, you ſuſpect, you qualify; he might contribute *much*, for ought you ſay, or know, towards making the Poem *a little* better known: but here, where only Mr. Addiſon's private Opi-

nion is in diſpute, the Deciſion is abſolute and ex Cathedrâ; *Addiſon thought this the fineſt Deſcription*, &c.—and that, *even although the Quotation reſulted from the Subject*; a Circumſtance, I ſuppoſe, ſufficient alone to render it mean and contemptible.

Now, Addiſon's Thoughts were certainly known to God and himſelf; and you may add, perhaps, in a claſſical Spirit, that they were known alſo to the Muſe,

Υμεις γαρ θεαι εσ'ε, παρεσ'ε τε, ισ'ε τε παντα.

What hinders then but that the Muſe might communicate them to her favourite Prieſt, to be publiſhed for the Benefit of Mankind? This hath been ſaid in Favour of a Writer, with whom you would think it no Diſgrace to be aſſociated; and it is, perhaps, the beſt Defence which your Cauſe will admit.—But I am fearful of miſrepreſenting you, Sir, and ſhall not therefore ſay any more of this Paſſage; at leaſt, until I underſtand it better than I do at preſent. You go on, "Had Addiſon ever entered into the true "Spirit and Genius of both Poems, he certainly "did not want Opportunities of bringing them "forward, by exhibiting Paſſages of a more po-"etical Character. *But ſuch Paſſages would not "have coincided with Addiſon's ſubordinate Ideas of "Poetry.*" Which a ſevere Critic might interpret thus:

"I can

" I can find no Fault with Mr. Addiſon's Ob-
" ſervation, *for it was juſt*; nor with his Applica-
" tion of it, *for it was proper*; nor with his Omiſ-
" ſion of any other Paſſages, *for they would not have*
" *been in Place:* all that remains then is to ſay, that
" he might have *brought forward* the Penſeroſo,
" (and why not Lycidas, Comus, nay and Samp-
" ſon too, though it were by Head and Shoul-
" ders) but they would not have coincided with
" his *ſubordinate Ideas of Poetry.*"

The Word *ſubordinate*, here ſeems to want it's Correlative. Are we to underſtand, ſubordinate to the Ideas of Mr. Warton, or of *us*, Poets of the Miltonian School? For in giving us one of Milton's Corrections, you obſerve, I think, that " the " Reader may here ſee what *our* firſt Thoughts " ſometimes are." Or is it to be taken more generally, as when we ſay, ſuch a one is a Man of *ſuperior*, or of *inferior* Talents, where there is always a tacit Compariſon with the Bulk of Mankind, or at leaſt of Perſons of his Rank and Profeſſion? In either Senſe, it may be eaſier to aſſert than to prove this Subordination. Mr. Pope, who was not indeed of your School, thought differently of his Powers, when in his ſevere Satire on him, he yet allows him to be one,—whoſe Fires true Genius kindles;—and Dr. J. Warton, after cenſuring ſome of his Poems, candidly owns, " that in various Parts of his Proſe Eſ-
" ſays are to be found many Strokes of genuine
" and ſublime Poetry; many Marks of a vigor-
" ous and exuberant Imagination." Let us al-

low, that the Vigour of his Underſtanding, and the Philoſophy of his Spirit have been queſtioned by a Writer of very great Authority; yet he ſtill might be permitted to feel with Longinus, though he were judged unable to reaſon with Ariſtotle; and he who hath moſt freely cenſured his Defects, hath borne ample Teſtimony to the *Elegance of his Taſte*. You have certainly been the firſt to call into Diſpute a Quality of which every one has hitherto thought him poſſeſſed in an eminent Degree. And you are likely to have few Rivals in your Attempt to *diſenchant* the World on this Subject. I would only obſerve that your Remarks on this Head, (like Mr. Addiſon's on Milton) are rather *premature*. You ſhould not take for granted *now*, what your Notes on the P. L. are to prove *hereafter*. It is with Fear as well as Pain that I venture to add any Thing to what has been ſaid by the Author lately alluded to, which, at firſt Sight, may not ſeem to coincide ſo nearly with his Sentiments in the Matter, as I think it really does. His Remarks on Addiſon's Criticiſm I believe to be perfectly juſt. His Obſervations on the Author may want ſome Explanation. Mr. Addiſon poſſeſſed a fine Imagination joined to a very juſt and clear Underſtanding. Theſe Qualities were prevented often by the Indolence and Timidity of his Nature, from appearing to Advantage: but in this Caſe there was ſomething more particular. He wrote beneath himſelf deſignedly. He wrote not to

Men

Men of Learning, but to the Town in general; he wrote Spectators; and in this popular Criticism, perhaps, a juſt Taſte was the very firſt Requiſite. If he adorned his Pages with the Names of Ariſtotle and Boſſu, it might be, partly, to gratify the Self-importance of his Reader, who was flattered by the Idea, that he and his Author were travelling in very reſpectable Company. What is here ſpoken of as "*an accidental Benefit*, "that the Works of Milton were more read and "his Excellencies better obſerved," was, I believe the real Benefit he intended, and the principal Merit he would have claimed from the Succeſs of his Work. The many excellent Lectures and Sermons which we have heard at Lincoln's-Inn, would have loſt much of their Propriety, had they been preached before a Country, or even a City-congregation. Indeed, in our Judgment of Men and Books, the Faſhion of the Times and the State of the Perſons who are addreſſed will always deſerve ſome Conſideration; and it is poſſible that the real Characters of Ariſtotle and Longinus may not differ more from each other, than the Manners of the two Courts of Philip and Zenobia. If it may be permitted here to allude to an old and almoſt obſolete Diſtinction of Soul and Body, I would ſay that Addiſon's Defects ſeem chiefly to have lain in the Conſtitution and Temperament of the latter. He had very great mental Powers; but the Exertion of them was ſometimes feeble and languid. For what may be called, in moral

Painting,

Painting, *ſtill Life*, his Pencil ſeems to have been never equalled but by Shakeſpeare.

The Reader may perhaps ſmile at my placing theſe two Names together; and I will allow his Smiles to be reaſonable, if he produce a third, who for true Humour, nice Diſcrimination of the ſmaller Variations of Character, and juſt Painting of real Life and Manners, without Exaggeration, deſerves to be ranked with either.

It is owing to this Excellence in Addiſon that even his Party-papers are immortal; and the Freeholder will be read, when Examiners and Craftſmen, penned by the firſt Writers of the Age, ſhall be no more. Bigotry itſelf, ſays Dr. Johnſon, muſt be delighted with the Tory Fox-hunter. I would add, beſides many others, No. 33. I do not remember to have ſeen any Subject treated by any Writer, antient or modern, with greater Delicacy, than appears in every Line of this little Paper. Athens might have boaſted of ſuch a Performance: nor will it, I imagine, ſoon be forgotten at Oxford.

But, if you have cenſured poor Addiſon with unmerciful Severity, you have made the Univerſity Amends in your Defence of one of her more loyal Sons, a former Preſident of the College of which Addiſon was Fellow. The Goddeſs of Healing herſelf, the ηπιοχειρ' ὑγιεια, could not with more Dexterity and Addreſs have handled the *tender* Reputation of Biſhop Parker. You tell us,

P. 502.

P. 502. " Mr. Maſon ſays, of the ſuperior " Keenneſs of Marvell's ſarcaſtic Raillery againſt " his Adverſary Parker, in the Courſe of this " Controverſy,

" Ev'n *mitred Dulneſs* learns to feel.

" As conveying a general Idea, the Combination " *mitred Dulneſs* may have it's Propriety: but in " the preſent particular Inſtance, he might have " ſaid, *as* juſtly, and *more* characteriſtically " *mitred Meanneſs*."

The *as*, here, I preſume, is a μειωσις, and ſignifies *more*. As to the Propriety of the general Idea, I have ſome Queſtion, whether a Period may not be found in the Engliſh Annals, in which that Order of Men has been rather leſs reſpectable than at preſent. We have living Inſtances on the Bench, which prove that critical Learning, ſacred and profane, is not *totally* neglected in *either* of our Univerſities; and when a Queſtion was lately agitated before the ſupreme Court of Judicature, in which the Rights of the Church, and the Welfare of Religion were not a little intereſted, there appeared, if I am informed rightly, ſome ſmattering of Law as well as Reaſon in the Speeches of the Reverend Prelates on that Occaſion: and, what may be thought extraordinary, moſt of the Speakers were known to have cultivated their Talents *by the ruſhy Marſhes of the Cam*. I may poſſibly miſtake the Delicacy of your Addreſs to their Lordſhips all this while; which is, perhaps, ſimilar to that

which

which Men of Gallantry practiſe toward the fair Sex: *I am always*, ſaid Will. Honeycomb, *bitter upon them, but well with them.* Or, after all, are we to underſtand that this is not your own Meaning, but that of your Friend Mr. Maſon? If the former Interpretation ſets forth your Politeneſs to more Advantage, there is in the latter at leaſt an equal Diſplay of your Candour. You ſoon after give us a Character of Marvel and Milton from Parker; a new one indeed, but which, after all the Softening it may have received in your Tranſlation, you honeſtly call an Abuſe;—adding, however, that the Author was a *popular Writer, certainly a Man of Learning*, and *very ſoon afterwards a Biſhop*.—Though I am ſenſible, that to add any thing to the *eſtabliſhed* Fame of Biſhop Parker, would be only, as the old Corcyræan Proverb has it, επι σκαλυ χεζειν, * yet I cannot forbear bringing the Reader acquainted with an Epigram, and Epitaph, which I met with accidentally, among the Papers of an old Country Clergyman of that Time. They may ſerve, at leaſt, to ſhew what Freedoms were taken with that great Man's Character by his Contemporaries.

The curious Reader may not be diſpleaſed to ſee them accompanied by a few explanatory Scholia.

From a [1] Gruelling Preciſian
To a fierce [2] Church-Politician,
From a Browniſt to a Bonner,
Spite of Conſcience and Honour,

* In Engliſh, to carry Coals to Newcaſtle.

Parker

Parker changed: yet, wonder not;
He could blow both cold and hot,
And the Breath which cooled his Gruel
Strove to kindle Smithfield Fuel.
See! he ſhifts his Form agen
From Bonner into William Penn; [3]
From perſecuting half the Nation
To an unbounded Toleration.
How ſhall we this Proteus fix?
Give him, James, a Coach and ſix; [4]
Soon the Miſcreant will become
A zealous Advocate for Rome,
Teſt and penal Laws defy,
Clear her from Idolatry,
And ſo blanch the ſcarlet Whore,
Pope or Devil could no more. [5]
Nay, ſome term him Devil, plain;
For, a Manſion fair to gain,
Forcibly he enter'd in,
And poſſeſſed Magdalen; [6]
Till a Hand divine at laſt
Out again the Fiend did caſt. [7]

EPITAPH.

Here lies the Devil of Magdalen;
Or, at leaſt, his Parallel:
As proud as the Devil,
As falſe as the Devil,
And
As horned as the Devil. [8]

[4] He entered himſelf into the Company of ſome Students, who were uſed to faſt and pray weekly together, but for their Refection fed ſometimes on a Broth, from whence they were commonly called Gruellers. Rehearſal tranſpr. P. 2. p. 67.

[2] He publiſhed an eccleſiaſtical Politie, very different from Hooker's. He ſaid, that "though the King was under God, he was not "under Chriſt, but above him." Burnet.

[3] In 1687, Parker promoted an Addreſs to thank the King, on his firſt Declaration of Liberty of Conſcience, and got *one* Clergyman to concur with him in it. Burnet.

[4] Parker dropped an unlucky Expreſſion, "that "a Coach and ſix was the beſt Body of Divi-"nity he knew of;" which the Wags of that Time took Care to ſound frequently in his Ears.

[5] The Miſcreant] he was a Man of no Judgment, and as little Virtue, and, *as to Religion, rather impious.* Burnet.—He wrote againſt the Teſt, and in Favour of Tranſubſtantiation, and the Invocation of Saints; Points which, he obſerves, our Nobility neither do, nor can, nor *ought to* underſtand.

[6] The Story of his Intruſion into the Preſidentſhip of Magdalen College is well known. Punning was the Epidemical Diſeaſe of the Age; and neither Shakeſpear nor Milton could eſcape the Infection.

[7] He

[7] He died in March, 1688.

[8] In a Letter from Father Petre to Father La Chaiſe, are theſe Words.—The Biſhop of Oxford has not yet declared himſelf openly: the great Obſtacle is his Wife, *whom he cannot rid himſelf of.*

But he was *a popular Writer*,—he was indeed, blown up for a while in the controverſial Chair, by the Breath of Party, but,—that Seat ſoon failing, met

A vaſt Vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his Pennons vain, plumb down he dropt
Ten thouſand Fathom deep.——

Swift, who was neither a Man of *calviniſtic*, nor, in theſe Matters, of *ſubordinate* Ideas, obſerves, that we ſtill read Marvel's Anſwer to Parker with Pleaſure, though the Book it anſwers be ſunk long ago: and he gives a ſhort Character of both the Combatants, when he tells us that this will happen, whenever a *great Genius* thinks it worth his while to expoſe a *fooliſh Piece*. You add, *He was certainly a Man of Learning*.

If in the Room of *Learning* we could ſubſtitute *Judgment*, the Paſſage would run better; though *Honeſty* indeed be the more eligible Reading: but of theſe Qualities no Traces are to be found in his Hiſtory.—*And he was very ſoon afterwards, made a Biſhop*. On this Head, I ſhall only refer *myſelf to your general Idea*, which in the Hour of Party-Rage may not want its Propriety.

Burnet gives a Reaſon for his Advancement, which may be true, and which coincides with the known Intentions of the Court at that Time. He tells us, that he and Cartwright "were "pitched on as the fitteſt Inſtruments that could "be found among all the Clergy, to betray and "ruin the Church." However this may be, Charles neglected, and James promoted him. And they both acted in Character. And ſo much for Dr. Samuel Parker.

You will pardon me, Sir, if on theſe Occaſions, I cannot always avoid ſome Warmth of Expreſſion. It is eaſy for a Man to detect Miſtakes in a Book which he could not, himſelf, have written; and it would be an Inſtance of Weakneſs, or Malevolence to plume himſelf, merely on the Diſcovery of Error. But when an Author aſſumes a ſuperior Character, and dictates poſitively, on Points in their Nature very diſputable, and which have been a frequent Subject of Controverſy among the beſt Writers; when he labours to revive Fires which are nearly extinguiſhed, and writes, as it were, recentibus odiis, on Perſons long ſince dead, and on Matters which ought to have been buried in Oblivion; it is the Office of a Friend to remind him, that he loſes, in Proportion to his Heat, that Authority which might have been eſtabliſhed by a more temperate Conduct of his Abilities. Marvel was a Calviniſt and a Republican; but he was a Man of Genius, and which is much more, of Integrity. He was the confi-

dential

dential Friend of Prince Rupert, and a Favourite of King Charles II. He was diſtinguiſhed by the Offer of ſuch Marks of Royal Favour as however obſolete now, in the Days of that merry Monarch were in Faſhion; and he was more diſtinguiſhed by his virtuous Refuſal of them. He lived poor, and died, it is ſaid, not without Suſpicion of Poiſon. Let his Faults then die with him; and let not his Memory be inſulted by the poſthumous Abuſe of that proſtitute Creature, Parker.

You are led by Taſte and Inclination, and urged by your Intereſt as an Editor, to ſpeak highly of Milton the Poet; but you ſhew no Mercy (I had almoſt ſaid Juſtice) to Milton the Calviniſt. You ſeem always diſpoſed, with the honeſt Knight in the Play, * "to beat "him like a Dog, for being a Puritan." For which if you have no *exquiſite* Reaſon, his being ſo perhaps alone may be thought "Rea-"ſon good enough." And as a Stick, they tell us, is eaſily found for that Purpoſe, you never fail to lay hold on the firſt which comes to your Hand. There is a pleaſant Story told, if I miſtake not, by Lord Clarendon, of the two Houſes rejecting the Lord's Prayer, as ſmelling of Popery. We may ſmile at their Bigotry; but it is rather too late to aim at Retaliation. I cannot, therefore, but think your Labour ill beſtowed in endeavouring to revive the Boke of Recreations and Sports on the Lord's Day. The Calviniſm of

* Twelfth Night.

of an Engliſh Sunday, ſeems eſtabliſhed by univerſal Conſent, and is recommended continually, not only by the whole Hierarchy, but by the reverend Bench of Judges, who in their ſemeſtrial Charges ſeldom fail to impute the Growth of Vice in great Meaſure to the Neglect of this Ordinance. The beautiful Lines in Comus, p. 151, l. 170, have their Foundation in human Nature, rather than in Calviniſm; and you will find it hard to acquit St. Paul of the Charge which you there bring againſt Milton. The Corinthians, who were honeſt Fellows, and not at all inclined to Puritaniſm, thought the principal Rite of their new Religion might be celebrated with the ſame Feſtivities I ſuppoſe, which had been uſually obſerved at their Cereris Vigiliæ: The Apoſtle ſeems well to have underſtood the Conſequences of this Union of Religion and Jollity, and to have put an effectual Negative upon the Practice. I am obliged to mention another Inſtance in which your Averſion from Puritaniſm, has led you too far. Milton's ſublime Ode on Time, p. 300, is called "an In-"ſcription for a Clock-caſe, worthy of John Bunyan." Surely you did not reflect, that if you ſet aſide the Hopes of

Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and Thee, O Time,

you annihilate Chriſtianity.

As to the moral Poſition in Comus,

'Tis only Day-light that makes Sin,

which

which is illuſtrated by a *galant* Quotation from Johnſon, you might have obſerved, to the Honour of the Authors, that the Heroes of each Drama, Volpone, and Comus, have other Parts aſſigned them beſides thoſe of Galantry; and are diſmiſſed with the Rewards due, even in a Church-of-England Senſe, to the Attempt of corrupting a young Lady of Family, and of ſeducing, or forcing, a virtuous Wife from her Huſband. Give me Leave here to aſſure you, Sir, that I am neither Calviniſt nor Republican; that I am a Friend to our Conſtitution both in Church and State; and that I endeavour to view with an impartial Eye the Troubles of the laſt Century; which I can by no Means impute, with the Apologiſt for the Houſe of Stuart, merely to the growing and turbulent Spirit of Faction and Fanaticiſm; but rather to a Series of ſyſtematical Oppreſſion from the Commencement of that Century to the memorable Era of the Parliament called in November, 1639.

The Progreſs of that Diſpute has been juſtly termed * "a Conflict of Tyranny on the one Part, "and of Anarchy on the other; of Governors "who ruled by Will, not by Law, and of Sub-"jects who would not ſuffer the Law itſelf to "controul their Actions." No wonder if in this Situation of Affairs, in which it was not permitted to any one to remain inactive, many honeſt Men choſe the popular Side; which, at the Commencement at leaſt, had certainly much leſs

* Balguy's Sermons, P. 55.

Support

Support from perſonal Intereſt than the other. But I willingly quit this Subject and return to your Book.—As, however unqualified for my Place, I have on this Occaſion aſſumed the Office of your Monitor; I muſt beg the Favour of you to be ſparing in your Quotations from the Engliſh blacke Letter Claſſics. The preſent Age has manifeſted an uncommon Reliſh for all ſuch Reading as was never read. The Memoirs of a late learned Printer have flouriſhed, like the Tree of Nebuchadnezzar's Dream, *in which was Meat for all*; and as this Meat is of light Digeſtion, or rather, as it is found to paſs off eaſily without admitting or requiring any Digeſtion at all, an inexhauſtible Fund may be neceſſary to feed, though it cannot ſatisfy, an unfathomable Curioſity. All this is very well: *Young Ravens muſt have Food.* I only object to an unſparing Uſe of theſe Materials in *claſſical Publications.* And even here I would make an Exception in Favour of Shakeſpeare, who, I think, and I find I am not *ſingular* in the Thought, can hardly be publiſhed too often. For the reſt, the Editors may plead, on the Authority of Virgil—Se AURUM colligere de ſtercore.

Before I conclude, I muſt juſt beg of you to reviſe a little more carefully, before you publiſh; and ſhall only ſend you one Miſtake more, aſſuring you that I ſhall have half a Dozen ſuch at your Service, at any Time.

P. 123. Poſtſcript to Sir H. Wooton's Letter—*Our Friendſhip too ſoon interrupted in the Cradle.*

Cradle. N. " that is, when you was but a " Child," &c. This is not ſpoken of the Cradle of Wooton or of Milton, but of the *Infancy* of their Friendſhip.

After delivering my Opinion with Freedom on this Performance, give me leave to add, that I ſhould be well pleaſed to ſee the Remainder of Milton's Poems by the ſame Hand, as I believe you very capable of giving us a good Edition of them; and at the ſame Time to intimate that the Public will have a Right to expect, that this Work be executed with more Care, more Candour, and leſs Partiality.

You may find, upon Reflection, that you have ſome few Things to unlearn, and one, certainly, to learn, *Moderation.* Much more might be ſaid on this Subject, but I would not willingly offend againſt a Rule which I venture to preſcribe to others: I will only remind you of ſome good Advice given to us all by an old Friend of yours, who obſerves that,

ανθρωποισι ωασι μελες-ι
γινωσκειν ἑαυτους, και σωφρονειν.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

17 JY 60